

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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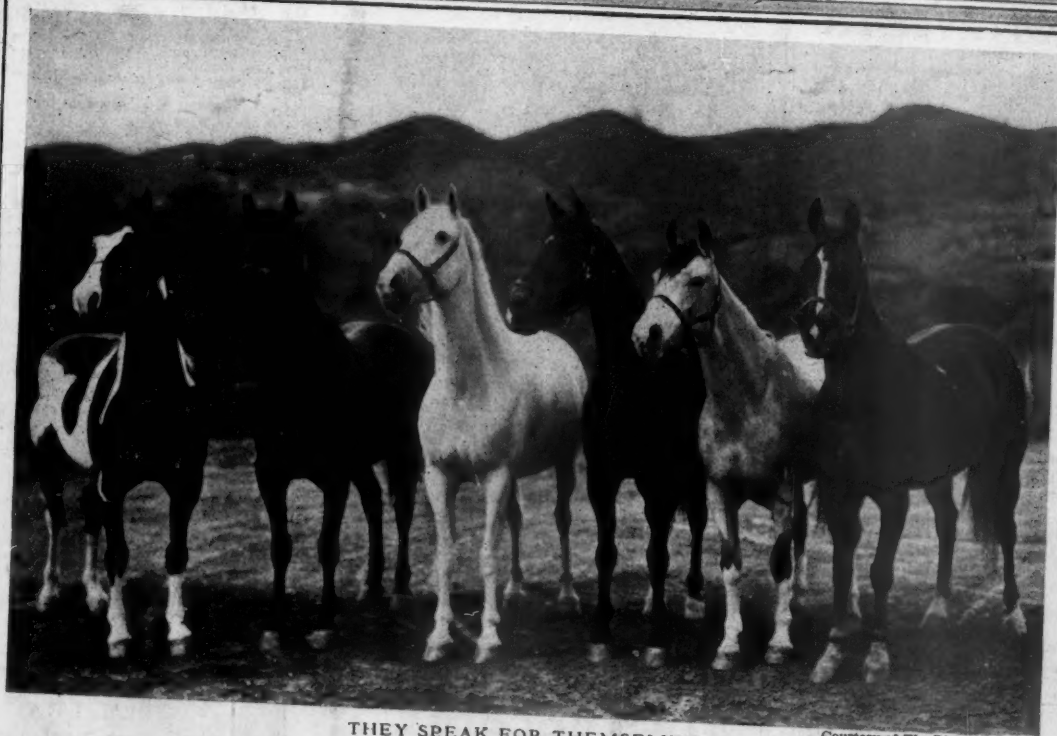
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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Vol. 60

June, 1927

No. 6

FROM all we hear we doubt if any other magazine is passed on to others by those who receive it as is *Our Dumb Animals*.

THIS is the time to begin to think of sending some tired, overworked horse to our Rest Farm for horses for a few days' or weeks' vacation where green grass, abundant shade, and running water will make the place for him a kind of paradise.

MANY of us are in entire accord with the saying that the Red Indian's conception of the animals as his "little brothers" is nearer the scientific idea of the universe than that of those who are wont to speak patronizingly of "poor dumb beasts and the lower animals."

LOVE, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, St. Paul's "fruits of the spirit," says Archdeacon Hindley, of Melbourne, Australia, "are a more accurate description of a good dog than of a so-called good Christian as the world knows him."

THE late Rev. Dr. Scanlon, who did so much to call the attention of religious bodies in this country to the value of humane education, told us, some years ago, that his interest in this subject and in the work of humane societies began when he happened upon a copy of *Our Dumb Animals*.

NOTHING so proclaims the rapid growth of the humane sentiment during recent years as the wide-spread publicity given by the press to Be Kind to Animals Week. Editorials and newspaper clippings almost without number from one end of the land to the other have poured in upon us since the week ended.

THE *Westminster Gazette* says that 33,000 cattle suffering from tuberculosis were destroyed in the British Isles during the fifteen months ending last December. The compensation to the owners was about \$14 per head. Some day in this country we shall insist that our milk shall be pasteurized or come to us from cows free from this disease, so prevalent throughout great numbers of herds.

OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

A WILL often defeats the purpose of its maker. Mr. A. wants his money, or a part of it, to go, for example, to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but he has so commonly heard the Society called the Massachusetts Humane Society that he simply designates the Society by that name. When the will is ready for probate it is learned that there is The Humane Society of Massachusetts, an old organization particularly interested in the rescue of people from drowning and in providing life preservers for various places. Then possibly a legal contest is instituted and the money goes where the testator never intended it should. Or some local organization may be known as a humane society, and, being in Massachusetts, may think it was in the testator's mind when he made his will. Or the maker of the will may confound the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with some other society caring for animals and think that it is a part of the same organization. Too great care cannot be taken to guard against all uncertainty.

For those who would remember us, here are the two names under which our two Societies are incorporated: The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and The American Humane Education Society.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

FEW things could better illustrate the difference between this country and England in the attitude of officials of humane societies toward such blood sports as fox hunting—these sports often characterized by the cruel sufferings of animals—than the following statement given to the *Daily Mirror* by Lord Lambourne, a prominent member of the Council of the Royal S. P. C. A.:

"Naturally I do not take any part in putting down hunting," he said, "but, as I have hunted all my life, I suppose I cannot be considered a fair judge. I am against stag-hunting, however.

"In all probability the coming generation will not be as keen on hunting as we are, but at the moment I do not consider it a practical suggestion to put down this alleged 'cruel blood sport.'"

TEN YEARS AGO

THE *Morning Mercury* of New Bedford, on the tenth anniversary of our entering the great war, contained an editorial that must have voiced the thoughts of multitudes whose minds turned back to that eventful day. It recalled the high ideals with which we thought we finally entered the war, and for which our youth went forth and endured and died. It reproduced a poem by an English soldier entitled "An English Soldier's Testament," which the *Mirror* printed the morning the armistice was signed. We give but three of the stanzas:

"If I come to die
In this inhuman strife
I grudge it not if I,
By laying down my life
Do aught at all to bring
A day of charity.
When pride of lord or king
Unpowerful shall be
To spend the nation's store
To spill the nation's blood.
Whereafter evermore
Humanity's full flood
Untroubled on shall roll
In a rich tide of peace,
And the world's wondrous soul
Uncrucified increase."

But

"If there be none to build
The temple we have willed,
With our flag there unfurled,
If rainbow none there shine
Across the seas of woe,
If seed of yours and mine
Through this same hell must go,

Then may my soul and those
Of all who died in vain
(Be they of friend or foe)
Rise and come back again
From peace that knows no end,
From faith that knows not doubt,
To haunt and sear and rend
The men that sent us out."

Have we built the temple that they willed?
Not yet. Have we let them die in vain?
What would be their answer?

LESS INDIFFERENCE TO CRUELTY

AN AWAKENING SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY AS HUMANE CAUSE ADVANCES

THE CAPTURED EAGLE

HE broods upon the highest perch
Within the wire-encircled run—
And motionless, his fierce eyes search
The dazzling glory of the sun;
He deigns no glance at curious crowds—
Their speech comes like the muffled roar
Below the sea cliffs wreathed in clouds,
Far on a bleak and icy shore.

There was his nest, and from its height
He watched, majestic as a king—
The sun could blind not with its light,
Nor feared he any living thing;
A life in glorious freedom spent,
To feed the eaglets all his care—
But here he sickens, prison-pent,
Untamed, though, in his fierce despair.

JANET GARGAN

THE OUTLAWED WILD ANIMAL

NO class of beings has been more heartlessly abandoned to outlawry than undomesticated animals. Our very friendship for the dog is an alliance with him in a ruthless war against them. Toward these untamed beasts, however, we have no conscious ground of bitterness and we regard them merely with indifference. Our enmity, now so unprovoked and neutral, may be a heritage from the cave man, who warred for his life against creatures more powerful than he. It is latent in the hunting instinct. It resurges in our murderous hostility toward snakes and vermin and in our rabidity when we hear the cry, "Mad dog!"

"From Thumbscrew to Steel Trap"

A DEVOTED HUSBAND

THE *Seattle Star* says that William Tyson, an Idaho trapper, found that an unlucky coyote had escaped with the trap and a heavy stone drag. He watched for the trail of that drag for weeks. One day looking down into a little glen, and only one hundred feet away, he saw a female coyote wearing his trap and drag, and with her mate close at hand. Many uneaten pieces of rabbit around her showed that the male had been bringing her food during the long period of her suffering and helplessness.

THE CHICAGO RODEO

MORE than thirty organizations composed of many thousands of Illinois women have voiced their protest against the rodeo. Chicago, notwithstanding, for the third time purposes to run true to form and hold another "rodeo week" late in the summer. Already are the forces for law and order engaged in ridding the city of "undesirables."

THE Jack London Club continues to grow at a surprising rate. Over 10,000 new members were added last month. The grand total has now reached 389,000. We invite correspondence from any one who has evidence of the influence, or is active in the work, of the Club.



PRIZE POSTER IN MASS. S. P. C. A. CONTEST

A BOY TRAPPER'S EXPERIENCE

THE *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* tells as follows the experience of a young lad who, encouraged by various magazine articles, wanted to make some money at trapping. He purchased three dozen traps at a cost approximating \$50. He set out for the Berkshires in a hopeful frame of mind and had set fifteen of the traps the first day before a rain and sleet storm, which drenched him to the skin, compelled him to seek shelter.

Returning to make a round of his traps the following day, he found a hawk in one and a farmer's dog in another. While engaged in taking up one trap that had been set on the end of a log projecting into a stream in which he fondly hoped that mink might dwell, the youth's attention was attracted by a splash behind him.

He looked around, saw a muskrat, and in bending over to pick up a stick with which he intended to dispatch the animal, he lost his balance and fell headlong into the stream. For three days the youth hovered on the verge of pneumonia and he has sadly informed his friends that he has abandoned whatever dreams he might have had of emulating Davy Crockett and other famous trappers of a by-gone age.

A CURB TO ANIMAL TRAINERS

A BILL before the Connecticut legislature contains a section which provides that "every person who shall fight with or bait, harass, or worry any animal for the purpose of making it perform for amusement, diversion or exhibition, shall be fined not more than two hundred and fifty dollars or imprisoned in jail not more than one year or both."

The committee to whom this bill was referred reported that it ought to pass.

FROM THUMBSCREW TO STEEL TRAP

BY AHIMSAKA

WERE the truth about the steel trap impressed upon the women of America: could the physical sufferings and torture of the millions of sentient creatures, the intended and accidental victims of "the most fiendish device of arrest ever invented by the human brain" be brought to their realization and understanding, that instrument of cruelty would soon become as obsolete as the boot and the thumbscrew.

The author of this timely treatise, who adopts the Indian name meaning "one who takes pity," has searched broadly and deeply into his subject. He weighs and considers the various types of traps in relation to the factors of extent, duration and intensity of the misery and suffering involved, and produces credible but condemnatory testimony from numerous trappers themselves.

In about a dozen pages he discusses "The Mystery of Cruelty" and points out the chief influences that are contributing to the world's progress humane-ward, and what guarantees we have against a relapse of cruelty.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, a leader among the women of America in the movement to abolish this age-long atrocity, contributes the foreword to this book. It challenges the thought and attention of women of the civilized world.

Published jointly by the American S. P. C. A. of New York and the American Humane Association of Albany, it is obtainable of the latter Society at \$1.00. We bespeak for this book the widest possible circulation. Its use and influence may well become as powerful in eradicating a crying evil as Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry," or even "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Join the Jack London Club. It is a great movement whose goal is the prevention of cruelty to performing animals.



PRIZE POSTER IN MASS. S. P. C. A. CONTEST

THE CAPTIVE

ELEANOR BALDWIN

O BROWN bird of the wild with beating wings,
The bars are fast and will not set thee free;
The greenwood and the vale, where Summer
 swings
Her golden sun, have burgeoned not for thee;
The clover's sweet is for the honey-bee,
And only sailing clouds may reach the sky;
The tanager will seek the apple-tree;
The silver pools will know the dragon-fly.
Be still, be still, with folded wings at rest,
For none shall ever see and break the thong,
Nor thou, of thy dear liberty possessed,
Pour forth thy joy in one clear, jeweled song.
Be still. The dream is done, the dream is done—
Poor captive singer yearning for the sun!

BOMBING THE FISHES

HENRY FLURY

Biological Laboratory, Eastern High School, Washington,
D. C.

THE increasing use of bombing planes and the necessity of "target practice" bids fair to annihilate most of our food fishes in the shallow waters of the coastal plain. Observers report that after every series of practice bombings, which last for several hours and in which tons of high explosives are dropped into the Chesapeake Bay, exploding under the water with terrific violence, huge quantities of various species and sizes of fishes from the biggest to the smallest, are to be seen floating on the water and drift into the shore. The sea is made red with their blood.

One of these bombs devastates all life, both plant and animal, microscopic and macroscopic, in a three dimensional volume, for several hundred feet.

Those who have studied life in the sea tell us about the plankton and the nekton, the microscopic forms of one-celled plants and animals that abound in millions and trillions and which form the basis of food for larger animals. Even the whale, which is not a fish but a mammal, depends to a great extent on this microscopic life. This life is also annihilated by the force of the exploding undersea bombs and the toxins that dissolve in the water afterward. Millions of eggs of economic fishes that play an important part in supplementing our daily food supply are likewise destroyed in the bombed volumes of water.

When it is considered that most states have strict laws against killing fish by dynamiting or exploding of lime in containers under water, it would appear that the Federal Government becomes an unwitting offender in this respect.

Without doubt, since aerial and submarine agencies are becoming the main military arms, bombing practice must increase rather than diminish and still further destruction of marine life take place. Not a comforting thought is it either—the use of poison gases and bacteria, which will wipe out entire civilian populations, as General John Pershing has pointed out when he advocated the outlawing of such in warfare, to say nothing of the animals and vegetation destroyed in vast areas.

The more science advances, the more dreadful does war become, and the intelligent people of all lands realize that not only in time of actual warfare, but in time of peace, the necessity of "preparedness" operates against the welfare of the people. It is no wonder that the humane minds are taxing their ingenuity to rid the world of this greatest menace of culture and civilization.

Cock-Fighting in the Philippines

Legalized Under the Stars and Stripes, the Cockpit Abounds in Gambling and Other Vices

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

NOTE:—The figures used here are copied from the Report of the Collector of Internal Revenue. The author was a resident of the Philippine Islands for over fifteen years, was an officer in the Philippine Constabulary, and in the U. S. Army. In a recent tour of the Islands he found the same conditions as to gambling and cock-fights as when he was in the Service, nine years ago.



THE COCKPIT SOMETIMES IS THE LARGEST STRUCTURE IN THE VILLAGE

CAN foreigners traveling in the Philippine Islands leave there with the impression that cock-fighting is only a simple sport and without any influence of evil? This would be impossible for the least observing, because wherever one goes one is impressed with the importance of cock-fighting in the social and economic life of the Islanders. Its baneful influence is evident everywhere. The fact is that cock-fighting in the Islands is not a sport, but rather a means of legalized gambling, without which the cockpit would cease to exist.

The Spanish historian, Morga, who recorded the events of Magellan's voyage around the world, tells of the existence of cock-fighting at that time, which has since grown into a legalized institution. Today two thousand six hundred ninety-six cockpits exist in the eight hundred sixty-one municipalities, more than an average of three for each, to sap the moral and economic strength of the people. Cockpits paid in 1925 an excise tax of six hundred fifty-nine thousand pesos and cock-fights one hundred twenty-six thousand pesos more.

As a rule, the cockpit is one of the largest, most commodious structures of a Filipino city; in many, it is the best. This is due to the fact that vice in the Orient, as elsewhere in the world, is generally wealthy. The cockpit is open only on Sundays and other legal holidays, including Christmas, Easter, Memorial Day, and too, Rizal Day. Rizal is the Filipino national hero.

The Sunday cockpit is not an elevating spectacle. There the gamblers, the alcohol vendors, and the dissolute gather to mingle with those of the better class who have the "cockpit habit."

Two birds matched are each equipped with a steel spur. The spur is a curved steel blade about two inches long, razor-sharp, fastening over the cock's spur cut away. The spur is bound to the leg with a strong cord. At a signal from the ringmaster, the two birds are set free. Usually the fight is only a matter of seconds, a single blow of the sharp spur is enough to terminate the combat. If both birds strike mortal blows, the one living long-

est is declared winner. Surely such a spectacle can hardly be called a national sport! What would be its effect upon schoolboys and girls taught humane principles in the schools of the archipelago?

Cock-fighting is not a sport, as its apologists allege. No one can honestly maintain that sport exists in such a degrading environment. Cock-fighting lives because of its gambling element. After a pair is matched, bets are asked. If no bets are secured, the fight does not go on; the manager selects another pair. Many men have been left penniless through pride in the birds they have trained. Each believes that his bird can win, so he risks his entire fortune only to lose through trickery or to a superior cock.

The time lost to profitable labor in training birds for the cockpits is another element of importance. Those who defend the cockpits find therein an element of sport; that is the sole defense of the iniquitous system. Wherever one goes, one may see men training birds for the cockpit. This is especially true in the cool of the evening when the men meet to talk and smoke. Viewed from this standpoint, training may not be as great an economic loss as many contend; nevertheless, the recreational and sport value is discounted by the evil of the gambling anticipated. A farmer may enjoy training a bird; it may afford him hours of innocent pastime, there may be amusing fights without spurs, such as one might see in any barnyard, but therein is not the evil. The farmer training a bird has confidence in its ability and his own; and once the bird is trained to his satisfaction, on some Sunday he goes to the cockpit with his bird and the proceeds of his annual rice crop, which he hopes to multiply by betting upon the prowess of his cock. Rarely, if ever, does the farmer or novice win against the professional gambler. Thus a family has to pay the penalty of legalized vice.

I have no desire to give the impression that cock-fighting is approved by all Filipinos. There are many thousands who are opposed to the institution and are working for its eradica-

tion. This minority is working under a handicap. The cockpit and gambling interests of the Island are well organized, with an abundance of funds to maintain their hold upon the lawmakers, and, too, the cockpit has a legal status. There is already a successful effort to take away some of the cockpit's power; in some municipalities children of tender years are excluded from the cockpits. Humane education is taking root in the public schools and the number of humane societies is growing.

Americans at home might hasten humane education in the Philippines by letters to Filipino leaders, to American officials there, through distribution of literature and contributions to humane societies, and, lastly, though the most important, by encouraging letters and words to those in the Philippine Islands who are trying to overcome the tremendous obstacles that lie in the way of overthrow of one of the most destructive institutions of the Filipino society. There are now in the Islands a number of Americans who are helping the Filipinos; they need aid and encouragement from us here at home.

THE FATAL CUP

OSCAR H. ROESNER

NO, not the one filled with the bootlegger's vile beverage for human consumption, but the orchard tree's blossom-cup containing nature's nectar, which through man's thoughtlessness brings death to the bee!

Due to orchardists spraying at blossom-time, the beekeepers of California have lost thousands of dollars' worth of bees recently. The poison in the spray made the draught in the flower cup a deadly one for the bee. It began with the almonds in February—the first trees to bloom. After the blossoming almonds were sprayed beemen noticed many dead bees about. At the entrances to the hives the little bodies were found by handfuls, showing that after draining the fatal cup the poisoned insect, with a last supreme effort, had instinctively winged homeward to die on its own threshold.

Before the true reason for the deaths was learned, the blossoming peach and other fruit orchards had been sprayed. Yet even where the discovery was made early, a lack of concerted action prevented an understanding being arrived at between the orchardists and the beekeepers. It was not possible to demonstrate to all of the orchardists the seriousness of the situation and get them to defer spraying until after blossom-time, so the destruction of the bees went on.

Many of the fruit counties of the state are also heavy producers of honey. And while the total loss to the beekeepers because of blossom spraying is difficult to estimate, beyond doubt it was large. W. E. Wright, county bee inspector of Butte, stated that in his county alone the beekeepers lost close to twelve thousand dollars' worth of bees.

Steps have been taken by the beekeepers in connection with state authorities to get the orchardists to discontinue the practice of spraying orchards at blossom-time and thus making nature's nectar cup a fatal one for the honey gatherers. The gain will be mutual, for without the bee to carry the pollen from one blossom to another, the orchardist will suffer loss because of the smaller fruit crop that will result.

*TIME past and time to be are one,
And both are NOW.*

WHITTIER

In Memory of "Dishmop"

HELEN DAVIS

"DISHMOP

Deceased

Contribute a small sum!

For a monument."

SO reads a full-length sign underneath the representation of a fuzzy, white poodle dog, with a sharp, well-barbered goatee, in the post-office corridor of Mount Holyoke College. Underneath there is a box with a slit that already jingles well with coin. The first contribution was made by Christopher Morley, famous author of "Where the Blue Begins." The student body, remembering Hugh Walpole's remark, "This is certainly the dirtiest dog I have ever seen, but charming, undoubtedly charming," had all the intentions of presenting Dishmop to the writer of dogs in due style. He was to be washed clean and to be adorned with a large ribbon bow of Mount Holyoke blue. Unfortunately, a car passing northward through the town of South Hadley, crossed over the poodle's life before the arrival of the visitor.

Dishmop was recognized in the Mount Holyoke News, the weekly publication of the college, by a large black-bordered box. "The whole college shares the feeling of loss," it restrainedly remarked, "and would like to carve an epitaph: 'Dishmop is dead. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'"

The College Canine Club, once numbering over forty members, will undoubtedly disintegrate as worshipful societies do when deprived of their able organizer and leader. The Club met regularly every morning at ten thirty o'clock in the post-office corridor as the mail was distributed and the Junior Lunch—an institution of the Juniors for the purpose of paying Prom expenses, an institution that the Club expressly approved of—was laid invitingly out. Dishmop, with a certain innate delicacy and sense of refinement, learned to beg very prettily, after trying force, persuasion, persistence and pathetic patience. The last he found to be most effective in securing the desired morsels, and there was rarely one in college who could deny him even one junior lunch. Dishmop, as head of this society, was given the exclusive privilege of accompanying the Junior Lunch cart to the source of the Lunch and for the fulfillment of this privilege he sat many hours waiting.

Dishmop had been on the campus of South Hadley for five years and during that time he made contacts with every member of the community. To the highest administrative officer and to the lowest mower of the lawns, he made himself conspicuous. On a winter's day the contrast of the dirty little dog on the white snow was indeed noticeable. The first two years of his life spent outside of South Hadley were passed on a blue satin cushion with a pink bow around his neck. His exercise and meals were carefully supervised and he was given his airing in a fine limousine like the patrician dog that he was. Blue blood always tells, they say, and his quiet unassuming leadership of the college dogs, as one witnesses it in retrospect, his calm possession of the campus, his delicacy and judgment prove this once more. Dishmop, may it be said, was a dog of esprit, a dog "spirituel," an aesthetic dog. All these qualities, rare and unusual in a dog, gave him an appreciation of



THE MOUNT HOLYOKE PET

the art of living and made his life a work of art. He had been the hero of many dramatic events, the mascot of many a winning team. He had worn the colors of both the odd and the even classes. He was the real hero of a play put on by the Juniors this year, entering at the proper moment as a hero should, at the high point of the action with a crown upon his head, a royal dog indeed, displaying at the same time such dramatic action as no one had ever dreamed of. Two years ago a County Fair was put on South Campus at which the participants unveiled a public edifice. The veiled monument shivered and occasionally put forth an enquiring nose. An irony, that Dishmop should have been chosen for the monument!

The committee on selecting the memorial are in doubt as to whether it shall be wood or plaster, a bas-relief or a plaque. But one thing they are agreed upon is this, that it shall be placed in post-office corridor where students, reading letters from home and eating warm, chocolate brownies, may give a passing thought to a famous campus character.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Horses I Have Known

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

WHEN at a tender age I was fascinated by "Black Beauty," and read and re-read with enthusiasm the autobiography of that optimistic though misunderstood horse, I was, I regret to state, lamentably ignorant concerning even the first principles of horsemanship. True, I had often climbed into the front seat of the "coupé" with Big William, the coachman, and held the reins from that point of vantage while old "Tuck" plodded or jogged sedately along the city streets to the less frequented country roads, sometimes going as far as seven or eight miles in the course of an afternoon.

The family would chat sleepily in the back seat, while I watched with the wondering eyes of a city boy the farms and their animal inhabitants and all the new sights of the country.

Old Tuck was to me the ace of all horses, for had I not seen him one spring morning when the new grass and the blue sky reminded him of a long-forgotten youth, dash out of the stable, gallop clumsily about the lawn, and then roll over and over with grunts of pure pleasure?

With the advent of our first car, a clumsy vehicle which moved not much faster than had been our custom with the horse, the stable was turned into a garage; but now we often had the pleasure of riding behind two horses, when our motor stalled, and some kindly farmer offered us, for a consideration, a tow home. I do not remember that we ever returned from those early rides under our own power, though perhaps my memory is at fault here. Through succeeding generations of better cars I was still true to the faithful quadruped of my youthful memories.

That is perhaps one reason why I decided as a young boy that farming was to be my chosen occupation. Spending my summers working on farms, I became acquainted with other horses; big solid animals of prodigious strength, and with flowing manes and tails. I even essayed to ride some of them, and was promptly dumped off by the highly indignant equines. After several of these experiences I decided that there must be something wrong with my technique, yet my interest increased, and as I approached manhood I learned, after a fashion, to ride a horse. Rock Creek Park, in Washington, was my training ground. My first gallop left me with a certain inclination to take my meals standing, but I eventually learned to stick in the saddle without great discomfort subsequently.

Several years later, spending a summer in Oregon, I had my first real experience with horses. Heretofore I had merely gone out for short rides at widely-separated intervals. There I had often to travel from forty to sixty miles in a day in order to cover a parish consisting of three churches, about one hundred people, and many thousand acres of sagebrush.

The kindly people there furnished me with a horse. "Suzanna," as I promptly named the decorous creature, was a gaunt old cow-pony with the most unpleasant disposition I have ever met with in any female. The first day she refused to go faster than a walk. I tapped her gently on the flank with a small switch; she stopped, turned round, and gazed at me with mild surprise and bored indifference, a hard combination of expressions which she

achieved without appreciable effort. After many polite attempts on my part to increase our mutual velocity, I regret to state that I lost my temper. The thermometer registered 117 degrees, and we had covered about one and a half miles in an hour.

I gave her a sharp cut with the switch, and with a resigned shake of the head she broke into an easy canter which she continued to our destination. That taught me something. Horses were not so willing to co-operate with their masters as I had been led by the books to believe.

As time went on I found that Suzanna had other habits besides chronic laziness. When going down hill, she would often suddenly decide to roll part way in lieu of walking. This proved to be hard on the saddle, and on my clothing. Then, too, when I was tightening the girth, she would usually bite me several times in places where I was most sensitive. So it happened that after several weeks I parted, without even the tear Stevenson would have shed, from my erstwhile companion.

My next mount, "Dutch John," was also a female, but of a cheerful and willing disposition. Many a long gallop we had together over the dusty sagebrush; many the cold night we spent on cold mountaintops, many dawns saw us already on the trail; and my respect for and admiration of her family increased mightily every day.

Perhaps it was the memory of her hoofbeats breaking the silence of early dawn, with the gray dust billowing up behind us; or the remembrance of starlit nights when we moved silently but swiftly over the moon-swept prairies, that later made me regard with some amusement those immaculately-clad equestrians of Hyde Park whose decorum is of far more importance than their enjoyment, from all appearances. My understanding of the horses who had been my companions made me regard with some indignation the drivers of those gaunt cart-horses so often seen in Paris; and the glamor of old Madrid lost its appeal for me after I had seen the cruelties practised there in the arena.

Is the day of the horse a thing of the past? Are automobiles, trains, and tractors, and all the other machines which have come to supplant the faithful steed of former times, entirely to take his place? Will the slim-barreled race-horse eventually be the surviving descendant of the little Echipus; the first of his ancestors?

Truly, with modern inventions and discoveries, the world is rapidly losing its possibilities for romance and adventure.

TO WATER HORSES IN BROOKLYN

A DRIVE for funds to maintain water stations for horses in Brooklyn, N. Y., opened during Be Kind to Animals Week by the Work Horse Relief League, of which Mrs. Annie Gibson Allis is the president. This work, with stations in various parts of Brooklyn, has been carried on by the League for the past twelve summers. Both in New York and in Boston, but for the proper kind of stations now maintained by private humane societies, the funds for which are derived from contributions, there would be no mitigation for the suffering from thirst of horses on the streets in hot weather.



© Harris & Ewing
MRS. COOLIDGE AND PET COON PLAYED HOSTS TO WASHINGTON CHILDREN AT EASTER EGG-ROLLING ON WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

HUMANE SUNDAY IN MAINE

BE Kind to Animals Week this season seemed to be extended pretty well through the month of April and even into May. In Maine, Governor Brewster endorsed the celebration in these words:

"During the past month our two boys have annexed a dog so that Humane Week and Humane Sunday, which you are planning to observe in the next few days, have taken on a new and special meaning for our family.

"Love for animals guarantees love for man, since true love is impartial and universal. The conscience of mankind is quickening to its responsibilities to the dumb animals that serve us so faithfully. Without them the world would be a sorry place indeed. They play their part with a loyalty that is an inspiration to frail humanity. It only remains for us to recognize in proper ways their meaning in our lives."

The Governor's letter was addressed to the Maine Council of Religious Education, which appealed to the pastors of churches in that state to observe Sunday, May 1, as Humane Sunday.

POSTERS IN CALIFORNIA

THE school children of California presented through the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, Inc., an appeal to the public for kindness to animals in one thousand posters, exhibited at the Oakland Art Galleries, Civic Auditorium, during the week of April 17.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JUNE, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

IF THERE WERE NO HORSES

MANY people think the most of our work for animals has been with horses. From the first other animals to be protected have outnumbered the horse. It is still so and must continue to be so. Here is but a single illustration of what our officers are contending with every few days over the most of the state: Our Springfield officer, Mr. Pearson, recently had in court a man by the name of Basquale on whose premises he found a number of dead cows, literally starved to death. The man was sentenced to thirty days in the House of Correction. One would think a man's financial interest in his cattle would lead him to care for them if he had no compassion in his soul.

DYING THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE

THE pitiful deaths at sea suffered by cattle in transport, particularly on the North Atlantic last winter, and to which we called attention at the time, have led to action by the British Ministry of Agriculture prohibiting the carriage of cattle into England on the forward parts of the open decks of vessels during winter months. The Ministry insists that in the future the public conscience shall not be outraged by cruel exposure on the one hand or the absence of ventilation on the other. How often the sufferings of men and animals during a great storm, a great fire, or some other calamity, have awakened a public sentiment for protection against such disasters in the future that has meant the saving of multitudes from similar experiences. Not wholly without gain have been many of these cruel accidents.

MRS. HOSALI'S WORK

THE work of Mrs. Hosali in North Africa continues to warrant its being called a crusade. The condition of some of the animals, as told by her and her fellow-workers, seems incredible. That any mules or horses could ever live and work, suffering as many of them have been suffering when found by these angels of mercy, one could scarcely believe except upon such good authority. Any money given for Mrs. Hosali's work will be deeply appreciated and bring to some poor animal a taste of heaven here on earth where life has meant heretofore only torment.

G. T. A.

"Good To Animals"

THE teacher of English at the Washington Allston School, Boston, in accordance with her custom, had been writing quotations on the board. Today she wrote the familiar lines:

*"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast."*

And as she wrote she placed special emphasis on this benevolent man of whom the poet Longfellow had spoken, tracing beneath the words, in fine big letters, as an example of such a man, the name of George Thorndike Angell.

The children were dismissed, and as they filed from the room a boy broke from the ranks and edged shyly up to the teacher. "Why, look at that!" he exclaimed. Her eyes followed his extended finger. "George Thorndike Angell," he read, and then, slowly stressing the initials of the name, "Good to animals." Perhaps no eyes had ever been keen enough to notice that before.

THE DEER AND THE ORCHARD

THE following letter to the *Christian Science Monitor* should be read by every farmer, or citizen, with a young orchard or about to plant one:

Having just planted some young fruit trees on our place here in California, I am reminded of the results attending previous efforts to start young orchard trees in a locality where deer are plentiful, before I hit upon a simple plan of protection.

Years ago I ascertained that deer consistently consider man their natural enemy, and that they use their highly developed sense of smell fully, as well as any other faculty to discover his presence.

These facts suggested to me the idea of placing, here and there among the trees, any recently worn garment. I subsequently improved on this idea by tying a small piece of worn-out clothing in each tree.

Every one of those I have just set out has a part of an old boot or piece of worn-out canvas glove tied about it.

During the ten years in which I have employed this scheme, I have never known of a single tree thus protected being molested.

W. N. TAYLOR, Alta, Calif.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

WHAT a change has come over the world in the years since Thomas Jefferson passed from earth; in the years since the foundations of this government were laid and its political philosophy was taught to all who would listen!

There is no longer that simple, that implicit, that unanimous faith in democracy that once there was. It is challenged from without, and there has been no time within the memory of living man when those challenges were so direct, so emphatic and so successful as at this moment.

Can it be possible that democracy, the child of the modern world, the pivot and center of the whole humanitarian movement—can it be possible that democracy has become an obstacle to human happiness and human progress?

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

THE ANIMAL AS PSYCHIC*

AN interesting book, entitled "*Les Manifestations Métaphysiques et les Animaux*," has come to us from Paris. Of this an advertisement says, "Its author, Ernest Bozzano, in a volume abundantly supported by personal testimonies, has considered the role which the animal plays in 'metaphysical manifestations.'" A hundred and fifty different instances are given of what are called telepathic hallucinations perceived by the animal and man; animals and premonitions of death; the perception of animals of invisible presences, etc. "The work," one has said, "makes it evident that our lowly brothers are far from being the simple machines Descartes took them to be."

There are many strange stories told in this book. Too many are taken from the records of psychical research societies, however, to give them satisfactory weight with those sceptical in such matters. Still there are others which seem to be sufficiently authenticated to compel belief in the veracity of the witnesses. The book is at least a noteworthy contribution to the study of phases of animal life and animal mind.

Has the animal a soul? The time has passed for answering this question with a contemptuous "No." While one may hesitate to say "Yes," he must recognize the fact that many thoughtful men, deeply interested in what may be called the psychology of animals, have ceased to speak with that positiveness that once characterized those supposed to be competent to answer the question. The study of the minds of animals is today a part of the study of mind wherever mind exists. Our ignorance of what goes on in the brain of these creatures about us is vastly greater than our knowledge of it. We have been content to account for substantially all animal behavior by the simple word "instinct." Yet just what instinct is, and just how much should be included in the word, no one knows.

We do know many an animal has faculties we do not possess. For some time before the Charleston earthquake the horses, especially, gave every evidence of alarm and even terror. We have that from eye-witnesses. They can hear sounds wholly inaudible to us. Many of them have a sense of direction that baffles us. There are too many well-authenticated accounts of the conduct of dogs preceding a death in the family to which they were attached to leave the unprejudiced in doubt of a mysterious something in them that has a premonition of coming events. As more and more we discover that life is one, however manifold its forms, and the animal is studied as a manifestation of this life force—that invisible but august energy that pervades the universe of matter and of mind, so more and more will the animal cease to be a mere animated tool for our service, or a creature always at the mercy of our amusement, our curiosity, or our subjection, and his kinship with us be more clearly perceived.

*Publisher, Jean Meyer, 8, Rue Copernic, Paris (XVIIe). Price, 9 francs.

THE *Chicago Tribune* recently favoring the rodeo with reservations says that "Softies" did not make this country and it doesn't want them to run it now. One might think from this that it was men of the cowboy type who made this country. Sturdy pioneers are pretty generally men of brave, but fine and noble sentiment.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Mrs. EDITH W. CLARKE, President
Mrs. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President
Mrs. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
Miss HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	11,876
Cases investigated	597
Animals examined	6,429
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	21
Horses taken from work	103
Horses humanely put to sleep	76
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,069
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	35,717
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	115

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Mary Elizabeth Stewart of Boston, and Annie C. Cutler of Lexington. May 10, 1927.

MID-SEASON HOSPITALITY DAY

THE Hospitality Day and sale of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held at the Society's building, Thursday, April 21, met with the usual success which these affairs in the interest of the Angell Animal Hospital seem to command. Under the energetic leadership of the president, Mrs. Edith W. Clarke, and a large and enthusiastic group of assistants, the various features of bridge, cafeteria, and numerous sales tables, were generously patronized and a very substantial sum was added to the treasury of the Auxiliary.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR APRIL

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered	654 Cases 1,748
Dogs	481 Dogs 1,429
Cats	155 Cats 291
Horses	9 Birds 14
Birds	8 Horses 10
Monkey	1 Foxes 4
Operations	569
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	64,295
Free Dispensary Cases	106,489
Total	170,784

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in April

Beating a horse, \$10 fine.
Driving galled horse, filed on paying costs, \$10.
Mutilating dog, \$50 fine.
Beating horse, \$10 fine.
Beating horse, \$10 fine.
Non-feeding dogs, paid costs.
Putting turpentine on dog, case filed.
Non-sheltering horse, \$10 fine.
Driving unfit horse, case filed.
Sending out unfit horse, \$25 fine.
Non-feeding stock, \$10 fine.
Driving galled horse, \$20 fine.
Over-driving horse, \$50 fine; committed to jail for non-payment.
Allowing hen to suffer with fracture, \$20 fine.
Non-feeding stock, one month's sentence to House of Correction.
Jerking reins and sawing on horse's mouth, \$50 fine.
Beating horse, case filed.
Driving unfit horse, \$25 fine.
Driving lame horse, \$50 fine.
Shooting dog and leaving him to die, \$10 fine.
Non-feeding stock, \$50 fine, suspended.
Driving unfit horses, \$50 fine.
Striking dog with auto and leaving him injured, \$10 fine.
Causing horse unnecessary suffering, and driving same when unfit, \$25 fine on first count, \$25 fine and 30 days additional in House of Correction on second count.

NEARLY FIFTY EDITORIALS SUBMITTED

IN the contest of the American Humane Education Society for the best editorials in connection with the annual Be Kind to Animals Week, nearly fifty entries had been received early in May. The contest closed May 15. A competent committee will carefully judge the merits of the various contributions, and the awards will be announced in the next issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



Photo from Boston Advertiser

A PROUD MOTHER AT ANGELL HOSPITAL

THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

"The Nomad" in Boston Evening Transcript

WHO can say that the succor, the mercy, and the pity shown to animals in the past hundred years has not increased the amount of generosity and helpfulness extended to human beings? The love of animals, the trust and affection of animals toward us consequent on kindness to them, softens the heart of the human race, and brings all forms of mercy and benevolence within its scope. The lands where animals are mercilessly beaten, overworked or neglected, are also the lands where cruelty to humans is rampant. At the door of any hospital for sick and wounded animals we may see the Angel of All Mercy brooding.

Who can measure, and who, in a civilized state of life, can resist the appeal of the sick and suffering animal? Here are sorrow and pain that cannot be expressed in words—an agony that can only be described to the physician by inarticulate cries, by dumb movements or by anguished eyes. The doctor who devotes his efforts to the help of suffering animals must have a keen intelligence and a careful knowledge as well as a merciful soul. He must know the structure of the creature, and learn to understand the meaning of pitiful pained actions. His guide is his science, his eye, his trained perceptions. The Nomad has more than once seen a veterinary standing by the side of a sick horse or cow, wrapped in deep thought, pondering the case, observing and studying for a long time. He cannot say, "Do you feel pain in this spot?" or "When and how did this trouble begin?" You would say he must guess, but he does not want to guess—he employs his science and his knowledge in an attempt to seek the cause of the difficulty. He is in the presence of a mystery, but he knows at least that it is a real physical mystery and not a psychological one. The hospital for pets will help his science, because it will afford a chance for examination, for intelligent experimentation, for comparison and synthesis. It will yield up secrets which will be of advantage for the human race in the treatment of its ills. Brother horse, brother dog and sister cat, even by their sickness, bring their blessing of help to merciful man.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Hon. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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Nicasio Zulaica C.....Chile
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J. A. Forbes.....New Zealand
Luther Parker.....Philippine Islands
Joaquin Juliá.....Spain
Rida Himadi.....Lebanon and Syria
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....Turkey

Field Workers of the Society
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative
Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HUMANE EDUCATION TRUST FUND

SOME of our missionaries in the field and other workers who have given time, strength and often money for the promotion of humane education, being now advancing in years and incapacitated by ill health from doing so much active work should, if they need it, receive assistance from us if it is possible for us to render such assistance. We therefore solicit contributions for a fund which has been started by friends for this purpose. This fund of \$1,200 is a foundation upon which we hope to build a goodly amount.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Humane Standard-Bearers

V. MRS. ALICE L. PARK

MRS. ALICE PARK of Palo Alto, California, has been an active worker for humane education ever since her year of residence in Mexico, 1892-93. The great cruelty of the round-ups and branding and slaughtering seasons and breaking of horses for saddle and draught uses impelled her to write a report of conditions to a friend in Providence, R. I. This letter was turned over to a humane society and from that time to the present Mrs. Park has been closely associated with humane organizations, both local and national. In 1910 she became one of the field agents of the American Humane Education Society.

Mrs. Park was born in Boston of New England ancestry and grew up in New England. She was a teacher until she went to the western states to live. She has resided in California almost thirty years.

Humane education was added to the statutory studies of California in 1901. Annually Mrs. Park sends a circular letter in the name of the American Humane Education Society to 140 superintendents of schools in the state, recommending that humane education be included in the programs of teachers' conventions. The state school officials have repeatedly endorsed this recommendation. She was the author and successful promoter of the Bird and Arbor Day law in California more than a dozen years ago, now annually observed throughout the state.

Mrs. Park, and Mrs. Harriet C. Reynolds, a humane worker of international reputation, together representing the American Humane Education Society, maintained a booth at the World's Fair at San Francisco five months in 1915 and distributed to teachers and to others a ton of literature on humane education, child labor and peace education.

For many years Mrs. Park has specialized in attendance at California conventions of all kinds, and distributed literature to delegates whatever the purpose of the organization that called them together. Her definition of humane education has always been wide enough to include publicity against child labor, and against militarism in schools.

Public libraries have been another specialty. Donations of literature, recommended lists and interviews with librarians wherever she travels have been a matter of course, and interested librarians have added humane books to their order lists.

More than fifteen years ago Mrs. Park began systematic press work for the national organization. She made a list of hundreds of editors of western papers and mailed to them regularly very short articles on humane education, varying the special topics from month to month. This material is always sent to editors under letter postage. Later this work was extended, through the appointment of Mrs. M. L. Hall of Boston, to include the entire country. Through the helpfulness of interested editors, reprints of these articles have spread wide publicity for the humane idea. The object of this special press work has been to reach people who never see a humane periodical. Translations of special articles have been printed in several foreign countries.

Mrs. Park's work includes a wide correspondence, especially with teachers and school officers, the use of a large amount of literature, membership in a great variety of organiza-



MRS. ALICE L. PARK, CALIFORNIA

tions, addresses, and travel. Because of her long residence in California and her frequent visits to all parts of the state and to Oregon, she has had unusual personal opportunities for interesting school people, editors, librarians, and others in positions of influence in those states. In 1926 she completed a round-the-world tour. This was made primarily for the pleasure of travel, but in many countries she had helpful conferences with local humane workers and left literature in distant lands where literature was scarce or non-existent.

To one city in India the Boston office sent seven sets of books, posters, calendars, etc., to be used by a director of education clubs in seven districts near Madras. Smaller amounts were sent to other cities in India, Ceylon, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Egypt, and other countries. Literature in English was acceptable because in most cities classes of young people were studying English and new supplies were more than welcome. Appreciative letters were sent from the Orient many months after the packages were received and used. Mrs. Park reports that in all countries visited, while there are many problems along humane and humane education lines, there is good leadership. She says that additional supporting members and the encouragement and co-operation of other humane organizations would improve conditions everywhere.

Through her earnestness, efficiency and enthusiasm, Mrs. Park has interested and stimulated many persons to take up and to continue humane education work.

JOHNNY came back from his first sight of an elephant much excited.

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "Katie spilled some peanuts on the ground and what do you think happened? The elephant picked them up with his vacuum cleaner."

—Ohio Utility News

THE real tragedy of life is the abandonment of high ideals.

BRUCE CALVERT

CHINA'S PLEA

WE wish every American could have heard the address delivered April 21 before the Boston Chamber of Commerce by Dr. I. Z. Koo, a recognized authority and representing the National Christian Council of China. In substance, it was a plea on behalf of China that her people be left to work out their own destiny. He said that the conflict now going on in China was very much like that which characterized Europe when it was emerging from the period of the Middle Ages. "Nationalism and not communism," he said, "is the goal of the leaders in the present Chinese struggle. The Chinese people as a whole detest radical theories of social and economic organization. I do not see," he continued, "how communism can exist in China. But if China is in danger of becoming communistic, the Chinese people alone can save her from that danger. Intervention will only help to drive China into the course of Russia." He spoke of the cordial relations that had existed so long between China and America, and said that one of the great hopes of China was that America would not join the other nations in making any demands upon China or in attempting to regulate her internal affairs, but would retain her independence of action. This, he said, was one of the greatest hopes that China had at the moment. Outside interference, he affirmed, would only result in causing greater confusion, strife, and bloodshed. He begged Americans to remember, if this period of unrest and disturbance caused great inconvenience to them and to other foreigners, threatening their investments, their business interests, and imperiling the lives of their citizens, what it meant to China to be passing through the bitter experience of this present hour. "For us," he said, "and for our children it is a life and death struggle, and whatever others may be suffering because of it, our suffering must necessarily be vastly greater." His last plea was for sympathy, understanding, and patience on the part of all nations, and especially on the part of the American people.

MRS. BOWDEN RE-ELECTED

FOR the seventh consecutive year, Mrs. R. Fleming Bowden was chosen president of the Jacksonville (Florida) Humane Society, at its recent annual meeting. Last year the Society responded to 2,851 calls involving animal suffering. Mrs. Bowden's efficient administration of the organization has attracted attention not only in Florida, but throughout the country.

A TEACHER TO BE REBUKED

AN almost incredible story comes to us in the *Adirondack Arrow*. We hesitate to reproduce even the substance of it, for it will distress every reader.

A teacher in the Big Moose Lake School, by the name of John Morton, accompanied by a guest at Ainsworth Camp, started out on a Sunday morning last month to hunt for deer. Here is the sad story of brutality: "Starting a large eight-point buck, Morton, within fifty feet of the deer, began shooting. The first shot struck him, the second knocked out one eye. The loss of the eye dazed the buck and he started to circle. Morton shot nine times more, using up all his shells without apparently wounding the deer again. At a loss what to do next, as the deer was standing still, he approached on the blind side and hit him over the back with his gun, hoping to knock him down. The deer bounded off, with the two young men on the trail marked by his blood. They followed him about four miles until they came to a large stream, which they were unable to cross."

For any man so utterly incompetent to use a gun to call himself a hunter is bad enough, but that any man so utterly incompetent to handle a gun should attempt to hunt is a cruel injustice to any creature he might happen upon. Call it butchery, but not hunting. What the effect upon his pupils of the story as published, and verified by correspondence, we can well imagine. The publicity given the wretched story will bring, we are sure, a rebuke not soon forgotten.

"THE WESTERN COURIER"

THIS is the name of the weekly newspaper of Western Illinois State Teachers College, Macomb, which, in its issues of March 31 and April 8 last, carried an unusual amount of material relating to animals, including original poems, essays, and notices of Be Kind to Animals Week. We congratulate the *Courier* staff for their appreciation of humane education, and trust that their attitude will be an example to all other similar publications.

IN HILO, HAWAII

ACCORDING to the *Tribune-Herald*, Hilo, Hawaii, the week of March 27 to April 2 was observed as Be Kind to Animals Week in that city. One of the features was a pet show at Kapiolani school, where the children brought animals ranging from a fresh-water turtle to a pony. The *Tribune-Herald* gave hearty support to the objects of the special Week.

THE RIDING DOG

L. E. EUBANKS

DOGS are the most popular of all pets. And people are doing more riding today than ever before. The natural result is that dogs are often taken with their masters or mistresses in automobiles, carriages, etc.

But riding is not quite natural for the dog. I appreciate that there are many exceptions—that many dogs seem actually to enjoy it and suffer no injury or discomfort; but for most of them it is an ordeal rather than a pleasure. Furthermore, riding is often the direct cause of illness.

It depends somewhat on the breed and the size, also on the place. Any of the small house dogs usually ride willingly—with resignation if not enjoyment; whereas a big outdoor dog can hardly be forced to stay aboard. Some hunting dogs will ride when in town, but as soon as the car gets out a ways and a few birds appear, they want to nose about and run.

Any dog that has to be held or tied when he rides has a reason for his resistance. Some animals are made extremely nervous and tired by riding. Sportsmen living in a city usually take their guns, fishing rods, dogs, etc., in a conveyance to the hunting grounds, and they are often vexed and mystified to find, upon arrival, that the dogs are disinclined to hunt. They are too nervous, and often actually sick, in much the same way that persons unaccustomed to ocean travel get "seasick" on a voyage. You doubtless have in your acquaintance some friends who cannot ride in trains or automobiles without discomfort; and the unhappy dog may be in the same condition.

And there are some dangers in forcing the unwilling dog to ride—dangers for which the poor animal should not be blamed, after showing that he is unwilling. Several dogs have been injured by jumping from trains and street cars. A shepherd dog of mine whom I was trying to teach to ride leaped from the buggy seat, and so frightened the horse that a runaway was narrowly averted; and similar things happened frequently in those days of horse-drawn vehicles.

A bird-dog in a boat is much like a shepherd in a wagon; the latter wants to be out on the ground with the horses, and the former wants to get into the water. More than one canoe paddler has learned from an upset that not all dogs like boat riding.

Generally the owner's reason for wanting his dog to ride is commendable. Following any motor-drawn conveyance is frightfully wearing on a dog, and he is taken in to prevent exhaustion or overheating. But if your dog is one of the unwilling kind, or susceptible to seasickness, a better plan is to slow down so that he can follow without hurting himself. If you intend to travel fast, leave the dog at home; think of that point before you start.

If you do take an unwilling and nervous canine into your car, let him sit where he can see out, preferably in the front seat, because the car's greatest sway is at the rear. The dog that is forced to lie down on the floor is in much the same position as the man on a ship who goes below. You always find seasickness less severe if you remain on the deck where you can see the ship's surroundings. The running-board is the best place for the dog if he is protected from strong currents of wind and from the danger of falling or being knocked off. He can see well, and if he decides to jump, he is too close to the ground to be much hurt.



THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL AT CEBU

WHAT finer evidence of the excellent work of the Philippine S. P. C. A. at Cebu could be given than this Hospital? It is a boon to hundreds of poor mules and other animals beyond estimate. Many Bands of Mercy are being organized by this Society, and the enthusiasm among the young people is extraordinary.

A SIGNIFICANT FESTIVAL

AN Associated Press dispatch from Rock Springs, Wyo., dated March 17, states that an unofficial League of Nations assembly disbanded there in the atmosphere of an Old World port, persons born under forty-three different flags having participated in the annual Rock Springs festival, known as "International Night."

With lights from stores and halls marking the streets of the mining town, a colorful throng milled about to exchange greetings in forty-three different tongues. The annual festival was conceived when it was found that that number of nationalities were represented in the district.

Dark Basques, Turks, Slavs, and Egyptians. Tyrolean peasants, flashing Spaniards, suave Greeks, blonde Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, rubbed shoulders with Irish, Welsh, Scots, Czechs, Italians, and Portuguese. All combined their talents to entertain the gathering with native songs and dances.

An Englishman with a lighted candle extended the flame to another candle held by a German, with the words, "As light begets light, so love begets love the world around." The German passed the light to another, repeating the words in his language, and the ceremony continued until forty-three candles were flaming and as many tongues had voiced the greeting.

NERVE us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good. EMERSON

LAST FLAMINGO ROOKERY

ABIRD explorer just returned from the Bahamas visited the only flamingo rookery left in North America. Fortunately the severe hurricane did not destroy this, the last refuge and breeding-place of these birds. They are increasing in numbers under government protection and have builded their mud city in the rich feeding-grounds in the lagoons of Andros. The photograph shows one of their high and rather awkward nests, which they fashion by manipulating the mud with their feet and curious humped bills. A young fledgling is seen peeping out from under the mother's wings, giving a call for food. Families of more than one egg are practically unknown among flamingoes.



FLAMINGO ON NEST, BAHAMA ISLANDS

The Yellow-Headed Blackbird

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

IN the Mississippi Valley, the Great Plains and parts of the Rocky Mountain states lives the yellow-headed blackbird. In other words, it lives in the Great Plains region and the sparsely wooded regions to the east and west, as far north as the valley of the Saskatchewan, and as far south as Mexico. Like its more widely distributed cousin, the red-winged blackbird, it is to be found at home in swamps and marshes, about the borders of streams, lakes and ponds, but only where there is considerable open water. The first yellow-headed blackbirds I ever saw were members of a small flock, numbering twenty or thirty birds, flying near the edge of a large marsh. They were, no doubt, migrating, bound for their winter home to the south. Since then I have seen many of these birds, for a colony nests in a large swamp two miles to the east. This swamp has several patches of open water, but here and there it is choked with a dense growth of very tall cat-tails, bur-reeds and arrow-heads. At other places it is entirely overrun with a rank growth of marsh grass. I often wade far into this swamp and there find the nests of red-wings, marsh wrens and yellow-headed blackbirds.

The yellow-headed blackbird is about ten inches long, about as large as the robin, but a little larger than the red-wing. Its head, neck, throat and upper breast are bright yellow in color, the rest of its body being black. The female differs from the male in that the plumage of her body is more brownish in color and the yellow about her head, neck and breast is less bright and more or less mixed with brown.

Like so many of its relatives, the yellow-head is a poor songster. And like many of its relatives, it goes through many queer motions when singing. It spreads its tail and wings and stretches and twists its neck. Its song is more like that of the red-wing than that of any other bird I know. But its effort is far from being as pleasant as that of the more gifted red-wing. Its song is loud and squeaky, and has a clang to it. But though the song is far from musical, it is very interesting. Apparently the bird tries to sing the red-wing's merry "chonk-er-ee" but makes a sad mess of it.

This bird nests among the cat-tails, reeds and other plants of swamps and marshes. It gathers large quantities of muck, wet weeds, reeds and other materials from the marsh.



NEST AND YOUNG OF THE YELLOW-HEADED BLACKBIRD

These it weaves about the stems of cat-tails and other plants and fashions into a deep, cup-like nest. Some nests are so deep that they resemble pouches though their tops are not constricted. The nest of the yellow-head is broader and deeper than that of the red-wing, otherwise it resembles it a good deal. In fact, it is sometimes hard to tell whether a given nest is that of a red-wing or a yellow-head. It is usually built a foot or more above the surface of the water. But if a nest contains eggs, it is usually easy to tell that of the yellow-headed blackbird from that of the red-wing. The eggs of the red-wing are pale bluish-green in color, boldly scrawled with black, chiefly about the larger end. Those of the yellow-headed blackbird are light gray in color, profusely speckled with brown.

The yellow-headed blackbird, save when migrating, or just before and after migrating, is seldom if ever to be seen away from its swampy retreats. Before and after migrating, these birds are to be found about fields and uplands for a short time. In the spring, they sometimes feed on grains, which they secure from newly-planted fields. Then they sometimes do considerable damage. At other times, they forage over newly-plowed fields and feed on angleworms, insects and other forms of animal life exposed to their view. Naturally, then they are useful. During the nesting season, yellow-headed blackbirds live on insects and waste seeds and feed large numbers of insects to their young.

A FINE HUMANE NUMBER

AS usual, the April number of *Moral Fare*, the official publication of the Department of Moral Welfare of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, Pittsburgh, Pa., was given up wholly to articles appropriate to Be Kind to Animals Week. The leading contribution, entitled, "What Has Religion to do with It?" was from the pen of President Francis H. Rowley of the American Humane Education Society.

THE MISSING LACE

LOUELLA C. POOLE

MY lace! My lace! Where has it gone?
 I left it on the line
 To whiten in the sun and wind—
 My lace so sheer and fine
 That trimmed my grandma's white silk gown,
 The dress she wore as bride,
 And came as heirloom prized to me
 When dear old grandma died!"

All search proved vain—too frolicsome
 Had been the April breeze—
 Till one spring day, when pink with bloom
 Were all the apple-trees,
 A song-bird's nest entwined with lace
 With four blue eggs was found—
 A dainty cradle in a bough
 High up above the ground.

"Oh, harm it not, this precious nest!
 My grandma, could she know—
 So dearly did she love the birds—
 Would surely wish it so!
 'Twould be a crime to lay rude hands
 Upon this cradle wee!"
 The owner of the lace exclaimed:
 "We'll leave it in the tree!"

Came May with song, and joyous wings
 That soared across the blue;
 Then summer, autumn; to the south
 The migrant song-birds flew.
 And then one day the empty nest
 Was found safe in its place,
 And—miracle of miracles—
 Unharm'd, the rare old lace!

ENGLISH SPARROW AS PET

BELLE CALDWELL

MANY accounts have been given of making house pets of birds, as the robin, grosbeak, mockingbird, and numerous other birds that frequent the country and even large cities, and of the clever and intelligent acts of these birds, but it is very rare to hear a similar account given of the much despised and very common English sparrow. This outlaw among all the American birds seldom receives a good word and some people think rarely deserves one. An instance of the exception to the rule that evidently applies even to an English sparrow has recently come to the attention of the writer.

The saying that there "is some good in the worst of us, and some bad in the best of us" might be paraphrased to suit birds and thereby let in the bird outlaw, the common sparrow. A common sparrow was seen on a street in a Long Island residence district with one wing entirely broken off. A resident of the locality who saw the bird took it to his home and made a wing and fastened it on the bird so that it was enabled to get about the house. He kept the sparrow as a pet and now when he returns from his work in New York City, each afternoon, the bird meets him at the door with an intelligence that would do credit to a dog or a cat.

The sparrow eats all its meals at the table beside the plate of its owner. It often lights on his shoulder and goes about the house with him or rests on his shoulder while he reads. This common sparrow shows that there is intelligence of a higher order than has been credited to this little outlaw of birddom and, it would seem, also, gratitude to its benefactor.

OSTRICHES

MAY C. STARKEY

MANY interesting facts about the ostrich, that peculiar bird that does not fly and is as tall as a horse, are related by those who come in contact with them daily. A keeper of one of the several ostrich "farms" of southern California is authority for the following statements:

Ostriches live to be about forty years old in captivity, but many years older—sometimes as much as seventy—in their native desert homes. The male bird selects his own mate, and she becomes his close companion for life. When either dies, the other remains true to his or her memory the remaining years.

The female birds lay from ten to fifteen eggs during the laying season and no more are laid until the following year. At nesting-time the male bird scoops a hole in the bare ground, about a foot deep and three feet across. When the female bird has laid her quota of eggs she covers them in daytime and the male bird sits on them at night. It takes six weeks for the eggs to hatch and, although this is usually done in incubators with captive birds, and the little chicks are raised by hand, if let alone the pair of birds will carefully tend the eggs before hatching and tenderly care for the young birds afterward. The mother bird carefully helps the little ones out of their tough covering, when the proper time has arrived, by pressing her breast against the shells. The little birds then run with their parents, and if the mother bird should die or be killed the male will "mother" them faithfully.

The ostrich does not lay until she is about four and a half years old. The size of an ostrich egg is familiar to most people, but comparatively few have seen the newly-hatched chicks. When first out of the shell they are about equal in size to a half-grown hen, and after that grow at the rate of about a foot a month for the first two or three months. When a year old the young ostrich has attained its full height, but it does not attain its full weight for about two years.

An ostrich is a tricky and ofttime vicious creature and visitors are never allowed to mingle freely with the captive birds. Many, though, become quite gentle, and the majority will reach over the confining wire fence of their enclosures to take from a friendly hand

the proffered orange or other dainty. A never-failing amusing sight is that of a small orange, apple, or ball of chopped alfalfa slipping gradually down the long, scrawny necks of the ungainly birds, as they raise and stretch upward their peculiarly small and out of proportion heads. Their little eyes are extremely bright and many an unwary visitor has seen his favorite watch charm or lodge emblem disappear down these same giraffe-like necks, while trying to inspect too closely the make-up of this producer of his wife's or mother's valued plumes and feathered fans.

PERHAPS SO—IN FLORIDA

A STRANGER who had been in a small town in Iowa but a few days, lost a very valuable dog. He went to the newspaper office and wrote an advertisement to be run that night, offering twenty-five dollars reward for the return of the dog. Evening came, and no paper appeared. Finally, anxious to see his ad., the gentleman went down to the office of the newspaper, and found only the janitor there.

"Isn't there going to be any paper this evening?" he inquired.

"No, suh," replied the floor sweeper. "No paper today. Ev'body's out huntin' fo' dat dog."

—Punta Gorda, Fla., *Herald*

TEACHER—A biped is anything that goes on two feet. Bobbie, can you name one?

Bobbie—Yes, ma'am, a pair of shoes.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN THE ROCKIES

MRS. M. P. GROVE

AT Ouray, Colorado, the people have some interesting winter visitors. By putting out hay for them to eat, they have enticed the wild sheep of the mountain heights to come down and take advantage of the protection offered them. These animals that are usually so wild, swarm through the town and become very friendly. In their summer haunts among the crags of the Rockies, they have a hard time to protect their young from their fierce enemy, the mountain lion. The mother sheep hides her young away in the clefts of the rocks, away up beyond the timber line, but the lion follows them even there in his eagerness for his prey.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP AT OURAY, COLORADO

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight hundred and four new Bands of Mercy, all organized in schools, were reported in April. Of these, 195 were in Virginia; 158 in Massachusetts; 134 in Canada; 89 in Texas; 78 in Pennsylvania; 44 in the Philippine Islands; 34 in Rhode Island; 32 in Delaware; 12 in Washington; ten in Tennessee; six in Maryland; five in Syria; two each in Maine and California; and one each in Missouri, Florida and Bermuda.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 162,233

"BELL OF ATRI" IN HIGH SCHOOL

AMONG the showings of the film, "The Bell of Atri," during Be Kind to Animals Week was that at the Northeastern Junior High School, Somerville, Mass., under the auspices of the Pets and Wild Animals Club. This group of students have made an animal scrap-book, 15 x 22 inches, with artistic board covers, literally filled with choice pictures. Some of the views are snapshots taken of the children's pets. At the end of the year the book will be presented to the Children's Hospital, Boston.

"THE GAINESVILLE (GA.) EAGLE"

THE Hall County Humane Society edition of the above-named newspaper, issued April 7, contained several pages of matter relating to the care and protection of animals, including the text of a fine Be Kind to Animals Week proclamation by Mayor Dunlap of Gainesville. Specially attractive are the pictures presented of the children's pet parade. Pastors of the various churches in Gainesville and vicinity preached on kindness to animals.



THESE boys and girls assisted in the tag day held by the Animal Welfare Workers, Taunton, Mass., where a substantial sum was realized for the Society. Window cards were displayed in forty-two stores, a large poster was placed in every school-room, and slides were shown at every performance in all the movie-houses, advertising Be Kind to Animals Week. These and other activities were directed by Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, president.

THOUSANDS VIEW POSTERS

Exhibit of Work of Massachusetts Pupils at Boston Public Library

FOR two weeks, from April 18 to May 2, the corridors at the right of the main entrance to the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, were thronged with visitors, who viewed the exhibition of the prize posters on kindness to animals. Only about 300 of the 2,525 posters received by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. could be shown, but these included the 93 which were awarded the large medal and many of the 347 to whose makers the small medal of the Society was given. In addition, honorable mentions, with a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, were given to 591 pupils. The contest was open to all pupils in public and parochial schools of Massachusetts, above the third grade, including the Junior High and High schools. The number of different schools from which posters came was 277. The cities and towns represented included those in all sections of the state. Two of the posters winning medals are reproduced on page 84 of this issue.

Much publicity to the poster contest was given in the press. In one instance, at Swampscott, four brothers entered posters in the contest, and each won a prize. In a Junior High school at Fall River, of three honors, one was taken by a Chinese boy, one by an American, and one by a Negro. The

Brookline High school won seven large medals, two small medals, and three honorable mentions, and these were presented by President Francis H. Rowley of the Society, a resident of Brookline, at a special assembly of the school, May 3.

It will be interesting to the contestants to know that already requests have been received by the Society to send some of these posters to Italy, Spain, and other foreign countries to show the pupils in schools there how the boys and girls in the United States are treating the subject of kindness to animals in their art work.

MORE ABOUT OUR WORK IN SYRIA

FIVE more new Bands of Mercy have been reported by Rida Himadi, in schools and towns in Syria. The reports coming to us from this indefatigable worker read like a fairy tale. He is constantly receiving letters of inquiry in regard to the Band of Mercy and is appealing to us for the necessary supplies and for funds to carry on the work. We could expend \$1,000 to advantage now in extending humane education throughout this country. Perhaps some reader of this notice, who has not been moved to contribute to humane work elsewhere, would like to send us a handsome gift to be used exclusively for mission work in Syria. We can promise a reward of a hundred-fold in the good that can be accomplished, for this appears to be the most encouraging field in the entire circle of humane endeavor.



A BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK SCENE AT THE GRACE ARENTS PUBLIC SCHOOL, RICHMOND, VA.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WILD DEER VISITS IOWA PUBLIC SCHOOL

F. L. CLARK

IT made the children laugh and play to see a deer at school," in McGregor, Iowa, one blowy day in March. During the noon hour the deer—a full-grown doe—came idly strolling upon the playground, creating the greatest excitement. She suffered the children to crowd around her and even pet her.

Whence and how the deer came nobody knows. Wild deer are unknown in Iowa nowadays. She appeared at



SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THE DEER AT MCGREGOR, IOWA

McGregor, a town on the Mississippi River, in February, coming across the ice, the supposition was from Wisconsin. But why she had chosen to leave home and kindred in the wilds to seek man's society is a mystery.

The strange, beautiful creature stayed about McGregor most of the time since, occasionally disappearing for several days. She would wander at will up and down the streets, occasionally dropping into some one's yard to take a nibble or two at a shrub. The many attentions of grown-ups and children were tolerated by the deer, but with head held high in a detached aloofness. Let a barking dog come running at her, however, and the doe became a wild thing at once, springing to action to defend herself from her hereditary enemy.

The belief is that the deer went up into the hills to sleep at night. It was hoped that she might become a permanent resident of the river woods about McGregor, since, with the ice gone out of the river, a return to the native haunts in Wisconsin would not be possible. If being made a community pet pleased the wild creature, she was sure of a home and plenty to eat in McGregor. But, alas, the deer got on the railroad track just north of the town and was killed. The town was shocked to hear of the accident, as all the inhabitants felt that they had lost a pet.

HOW BEAVERS PLAN THEIR WORK

CLARA NEWHALL FOGG

WHEN Moosehead Lake dam was built, the men found a beaver dam that interfered with the work, so they destroyed it. Each time it was destroyed, the beavers built it again.

The dam was circular, as one built that way is stronger and the beavers seemed to know the best method to use in build-

ing. It was so firm that a heavy man could walk across without injuring it. After a time the beavers became discouraged and stopped rebuilding.

It was at this time when the Lake dam was built, that one day Pete Doyle, a river driver, standing in the underbrush, saw three beavers come up, not far away. An old one seemed to be the leader and two young ones followed him.

The old one went to work cutting down a small tree, and the others just played around. They did no work, just had a good time. Pete Doyle wondered what they had to do with the business in hand. He soon found out.

The old beaver cut his tree in three parts and then the others came up. Each one took a piece of the tree and walked off with it, the old beaver leading the way with his load.

All of them walked on their hind feet, and Pete said they looked just like men. The young beavers were there to help the old one carry home the wood.

ON KINDNESS

REV. WILLIAM WOOD

IF birds and beasts were girls and boys,
And girls and boys were birds and beasts;
What sort of sports would be indulged?
What flesh prepared for common feasts?
Would birds and beasts do cruel things
To little girls and little boys;
And starve, or hurt, or maim, or kill
With sticks and stones and deadly toys?
Then suddenly, if birds and beasts
Should have a change of heart and mind,
And vow to love all human things,
And try the art of being kind:
I'm sure the little girls and boys
Would thank the birds and beasts, and say
We see in this the hand of God,
And this is our Thanksgiving Day!
Let girls and boys then clearly bear
This little picture in their mind;
And to all birds and animals
Be thoughtful, tender, good, and kind.

"CENTRE"

A True Story of Centre School, Everett, Mass.

JOHN DOHERTY (Fifth Grade)

ONE day my cruel master said, "That dog is no good around here." So he turned me out in the snow. As I walked, I felt so weak that I fell near a building. As I fell I lay there. Suddenly I felt some kind hands lift me from the cold snow. Before I knew it, the hands were carrying me carefully into a building. I was taken into a nice warm room. My new friends said to me, "Have some warm milk?"

Every day I go out in the school yard. When the boys miss the ball, they tell me to go get the ball for them. I run as fast as I can to get it and bring it back.

One day the man who picked me up said, "Let us get a penny from each pupil to get a license for the dog. It will cost five dollars." My rescuers proved to be the janitors of the Centre School, Everett, Mass. Now I belong to the pupils. I am fond of my new home. My name is "Centre." Am I not a lucky dog?

MY HORSE

PAUL J. MCCANN

*THERE are tales of long trips in bright automobiles,
And of glorious wonders on four little wheels;
There are stories afloat of adventure at sea
In a bold pirate's craft that's as big as can be;
But the carrier brave that will fill my demand
Is the horse that will carry me over the land!*

*There are some who prefer to fly high in the air
In an aeroplane built for the devil-may-care;
A balloon or a camel, or maybe a car—
All would certainly tire me before they'd gone far;
But the horse is the choice of my heart to the end.
My companion, my servant, my guide, and my friend.*

NETTING SONG-BIRDS

GERTRUDE HUNTER McDONALD

THE using of song-birds for pot-pies received a severe jolt, recently, in Winnebago County, Illinois, and the festive custom isn't likely to be revived for some time.

Three men, Girelino Bedin, Lugli Calgero and Samuel Bedin, were fined three hundred dollars each and given sixty days in jail when caught red-handed with a huge silk net filled with dead, maimed and living birds.

The men had strung up their net, in the country, along an out-of-the-way crossroads near a wood lot. The birds were flushed and driven into the net. A farmer watched them, then telephoned the sheriff's office. The men were taken into custody and professed great surprise that there was a law protecting the birds. Though the net, when exhibited at the Court House, was half filled with dead and maimed birds, the judge sentenced the men on the strength of six dead birds to a man—fifty dollars each and ten days in jail. Hence the sentence of three hundred dollars and sixty days each. Nine hundred dollars and one hundred eighty days in jail for a pot-pie. And that pot-pie never reached the pot!

This sentence, which had general approval, seems a bit severe, yet it is entirely justified, for the catching of song-birds, in large quantities, has been going on in this vicinity for over a year. No one, however, until now has been apprehended. Whether these men had been in the habit of catching the birds they did not say, but loudly proclaimed their ignorance of the law.

Wide publicity was given the case by the judge's sentence. This, with the stories carried in the newspapers, has educated a good many people to the fact that song-birds are actually protected by the law. Boys with air rifles, and men with guns might well heed this knowledge.

NEW SOCIETY ISSUES BULLETIN

AN eight-page Bulletin, in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, was issued by the State Commission for Protection of Children and Animals, Los Angeles, Cal. It quotes several well-known humanitarians of California on the value of humane education, and cites some of the cases handled by the Commission since its incorporation in 1926. This organization inspects horses and mules in five counties of southern California. It aims especially to reach cases in the outlying districts not covered by local humane societies.

LOOKING AFTER THE HORSE

DONALD V. KANE

THE horse is first, last, and always man's steadfast friend. He can be trained through kindness to do almost any feat that his master desires him to do. Horses have been known to fight for their owners, carry heavily-laden baskets of foodstuffs in their teeth—and a host of other things—but all of these things they learned through the kindness their owners showered upon them.

If you see a horse kicking and biting viciously, it is invariably the fault of his master. A stick or whip does not work the wonders upon a horse that it is supposed to do—it simply makes him fear the wielder of the club during that space of time, until he openly rebels and runs amuck through anger.

Horses, like men, have their good and bad qualities—each has to be approached, coaxed and controlled in a different manner—but nearly all respond to kindness. When judging horses the keen insight of a real horseman is required. For instance, there are many who say that if a horse be light sorrel or chestnut, with feet, legs and face white, he has the marks of kindness; that a deep bay, with no white hair, will be a horse of great bottom, but a fool, especially if his face is a little dished. They are always tricky and unsafe. A black horse cannot stand the heat, nor a white one the cold. The more white about the head, the greater his docility and gentleness. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended upon as a horse for being trained to anything.

Intelligent animals prick up their ears when spoken to; vicious ones throw their ears back. Dish-faced horses must always be avoided, and a broad forehead, high between the ears, indicates a very vicious disposition; while a long thin neck indicates a good disposition; contrawise, if the neck is short and thick; the nostrils of a good horse should always be large. But there are exceptions to all such general statements. Horses, like men, cannot always be judged by their looks.

Notwithstanding the various dispositions of the horse, remember he has his faults, just as you have your own. If you are fortunate in owning one, treat him kindly and he will mend his ways.

Horses are designed to work, and daily labor for them is as much a necessity to their existence as to man's. It is not the hard driving that wears a horse out, nor is it the heavy loads he draws; it is the worry by rough and inhuman drivers that uses up more horse-flesh, fat and muscle than all the labor a team performs. Discard the whip, speak kindly to him, let him trot when he wants to, walk when he wants to—if he is not naturally lazy and stupid—and you will get better results. Put yourself in his place and think—would you work harder if someone pounded on you continually, or would you do the work more willingly if he encouraged you with kind words and acts of kindness? Think it over, and in the end you will appreciate your horse, and he will appreciate your endeavors in his behalf.

WE resent the popular tendency of the day which places so much stress on making a living, and so little on making a life.

BRUCE CALVERT

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

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None.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this twelfth day of April, 1927.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
(My commission expires Jan. 30, 1931.)

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 189 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 189 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

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